IDW

#13

SAM KIETH • WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS

MAXX

maxximized

THE MAXX
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WRITTEN BY
SAM KIETH (STORY) AND
WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS (SCRIPT)

ARTWORK BY
SAM KIETH

FINISHES BY
JIM SINCLAIR

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
MIKE HEISLER

EDITS BY
SCOTT DUNBIER

ASSISTANT EDITOR
MICHAEL BENEDETTO

THE MAXX created by Sam Kieth • Production Assistance by Chris Mowry

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IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
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Jeff Webber, VP of Digital Publishing & Business Development

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"You're a little princess inside, Sarah. You should let that part of you out sometimes. You should decorate the world!"

That's what my Grandma used to say, anyhow.

Huh. Right.

Last month my Grandma died. My Grandpa went to a home. And I got all this stuff.

Even my mom, who usually says, "Be yourself, Sarah. Don't fall for the male media's idea of beauty blahblah blah..." got all misty about my using Grandma's stuff. Even bought me contacts.

Like irrational outbursts from her are a big surprise.

What nobody realizes here is that none of this stuff is gonna make ME beautiful. At all. Not like Julie.

THIS SHIP IS ALWAYS IN MY DREAMS.

I THINK OF IT AS A SHIP OF WONDERS.

THE INSIDE FEELS STRANGE BUT FRIENDLY.

I GO TO MY SEAT AS THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHERE IT IS. LIKE I BELONG THERE.

EVEN THOUGH IT'S A DREAM...

...IT FEELS REAL.

AND THEN THE SHIP STARTS UP.

AND THOUGH I'M LEAVING... IT'S LIKE GOING HOME.

BUT YOU'RE *NOT* HOME, ARE YOU, MR. DELAMOR?

NO.

I KNOW THAT, IN YOUR DREAMS, YOU REACH THAT SHIP. BUT OUT *HERE*, YOU NEVER WILL.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I KNOW IT WON'T HAPPEN.

BUT IF I COULD JUST GET A FEW STEPS CLOSER...

Uh-huh. YOU LOST YOUR WIFE NOT LONG AGO, DIDN'T YOU?

MARCELLA. YES.

LIFE CAN BE PRETTY MISERABLE, CAN'T IT, MR. DELAMOR? EVERYONE WANTS TO ESCAPE FROM IT SOMETIMES. I'M NO DIFFERENT.

OF COURSE, *MY* FANTASY REVOLVES AROUND AL GORE, AN ARABIAN STALLION AND A BULL WHIP, BUT IT'S THE SAME PRINCIPLE.

I THINK *YOU* THINK IF YOU'RE NUTS THAT YOU WON'T HAVE TO LEAVE. THAT YOU'LL BE SAFE.

BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DECIDE WHEN YOU HAVE TO LEAVE.

I'M SORRY, YOU'RE RIGHT... I KNOW, I KNOW...

I'M NOT SAYING YOU'RE LYING. I THINK YOU HONESTLY SEE RE-CYCLED 1950'S HORROR FLICKS RUNNING THROUGH YOUR HEAD, AND SO YOU THINK YOU STILL NEED TO BE HERE. BUT YOU DON'T. EVERYBODY HAS A MOVIE IN THEIR HEAD.

NO, I DON'T THINK YOU *DO*, OR YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE CHASING SPACESHIPS.

Jillbo.

EVERYTHING WENT PRETTY WELL FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS AFTER I STOLE THE CAR.

I MET THESE TWO GUYS IN TAOS AND GAVE THEM SOMETHING TO TELL THEIR GRANDKIDS ABOUT. MAYBE NOT.

Then I hit somebody in a thunderstorm. And I was screaming, crying over the body...

When I realized it WASN'T raining, and this wasn't a body. It was a Christmas tree.

And then some backpacker came up behind me, and offered help.

somebody nice.

I don't think we reward nice people often enough, do you?

THIS MORNING, I WOKE UP AND EVERYTHING CAME BACK.

THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO REACH THE SHIP.

EVERY DAY I TRY. AND EVERY DAY I GET A LITTLE CLOSER.

THE CLOSER I GET, THE LESS IMPORTANT EVERYTHING ELSE SEEMS.

I GO PAST THE TWO PEOPLE WHO ARGUE ABOUT THE SHAPE OF THE WALL TILES.

AND I STEP OVER THE BOY WHO SCREAMS IN FRENCH IN HIS SLEEP.

AND THEN I'M OUT.

THE SHIP IS 20 FEET AWAY. IT SEEMS SO REAL...

SO WHERE Y'WANNA EAT AFTER THE SHIFT?

I DUNNO, MEX?

...SO REAL.

I can see myself as my Grandma saw me.

But then I see me as me. What's the point of trying?

You ever notice eyelashes look like centipedes?

BAD GIRL

GOOD GIRL

VICTIM GIRL

What's this?

So many images. So many ways for boys to see me.

Mom may have a point. But then she buys all these "Ms." magazines with ARTICLES about oppression and ADS for Revlon. Talk about mixed signals.

All I know is, I can't find any place for someone who looks like ME.

One of Gorne's tapes. Must've fallen out before I tossed the box.

NO, MRS. JAMES. YOUR FATHER IS FINE. HE'S MAKING GREAT PROGRESS.

I JUST FEEL...SO GRODY, Y'KNOW. I FEEL LIKE I SOLD HIM OUT.

I SPENT MY LIFE TRYING TO REBEL AGAINST MOM. NOW SHE'S GONE.

SAVE WHALES MEETING

(212) 555-1643

PLEASE KNOK!

CALL MOON CHILD

I JUST CAN'T LOOK AFTER HIM AND SARAH TOO.

PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE. BUT REMEMBER, HE'S THE ONE WHO CHECKED HIMSELF IN. NOBODY BLAMES YOU.

I MISS MY DAUGHTER.

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT SHE JUST KEPT CRYING.

PANT PANT PANT PANT PANT PANT

JUST ANOTHER TEN FEET...

SO HOW 'BOUT THAI?

WHAT'S "THAI"?

BUS STOP

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I SAW GRAMPS. FOR ALL I REMEMBER, HE COULD LOOK LIKE *THAT* OLD GUY.

GOD, NURSING HOMES SUCK. MOM SAYS IT WAS GRANDPA'S IDEA. *RIGHT.*

GET REAL. WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO ENTER A NURSING HOME?

Jill

"TO ESCAPE?"

WOULD YOU SAY THIS WAS A PATTERN... JILL?

WHAT PATTERN? THAT I DO A CRIME, THEN FIND A GUY? OR BALL A GUY, THEN COMMIT A CRIME?

THAT WAS THE PATTERN I WAS THINKING OF, YES.

I HADN'T NOTICED.

COME ON! WHAT ABOUT THE SHOPLIFTING SPREE IN TORONTO? AFTER EACH HEIST, YOU... UMM... *MOUNTED* A MOUNTIE, THEN STOLE HIS HORSE!

IT'S THE ACT OF A YOUNG WOMAN DESPERATE TO PUNISH HERSELF FOR SOMETHING.

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIGMUND. SEX AND MONEY, THE *IDEAL* PUNISHMENT!

THAT WAS A COINCIDENCE.

MORE MEN! MORE CASH! PUNISH ME SOME MORE!

CUTE.

THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO STUDY THE GUARDS' SCHEDULES.

TONIGHT, THEY ARE EATING CHINESE.

THIS IS IT! THIS MUST BE WHERE THE SHIP CAME FROM! IT'S A DOORWAY TO MARS OR SOMETHING AND IT'S BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME! I WAS *RIGHT!*

THE DREAM WAS TRUE! I'M FINALLY FREE...

...OR AT LEAST MY HEAD IS!

ANYTIME I WANT, I CAN *ESCAPE!*

I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL FORCE MY WAY THROUGH. I'LL VANISH AND LEAVE THIS PAINFUL, ROTTEN WORLD!

I'LL FINALLY BE FREE!

FREE OF...

WOOOOSH!

...REALITY.

I could be just the daughter he wants me to be... listen to him, talk like him... dress like him... BE like him!

I could just listen to his lies and be DONE with it.

Dear daddy. Dear mass-murderer, serial rapist daddy.

Or I could just RIP the tape right out...

God, he'd LOVE it that I spend so much time THINKING about him! Creep.

He's like the ULTIMATE man... he not only decides how women should dress...

How they should wear their hair...

He decides if they should live or DIE!

God. It's like living in the world's STUPIDEST after school special.

"My dad--he kills people. How I came to UNDERSTAND him!"

I hate this... I just HATE it!

My mom thinks I'm just a burden! My best friend leaves town.

BONK!

The only one who really cares about me... is HIM!

God. Don't let me be like him!

Don't let his craziness be in me!

AT LAST! THE GUARDS ARE GONE!

I'VE WAITED ALL DAY, BUT I CAN FINALLY SLIP THROUGH THAT WINDOW INTO THE OTHER WORLD...

IT'S EXACTLY 14 PACES!

1-2-3-
4-5-6-
7-8-9-

10-11-
12-13-
14-

15-
16...

NO!

IT'S GONE! THE DOORWAY IS *GONE!*

IT *CAN'T* BE! I DIDN'T MAKE IT UP!

I CHECKED EVERY INCH. NOW I'LL *NEVER* GET OUT OF HERE.

MARCELLA... I MISS YOU. I *HURT* INSIDE...

'COURSE YOU DO.

I THOUGHT... IF I LIVED IN HERE... I WOULDN'T HAVE *TO FEEL*... I COULD JUST GO NUMB AND *FORGET*. BUT *ALL* I DO IS FEEL! I'M *TIRED* OF THIS CRAP!

'COURSE YOU ARE.

THE *BUS* IS HERE.

I KNOW. I HAD THE ORDERLY PUT YOUR BAGS ON BOARD.

HE GAVE YOU SOME BURRITOS AND EGG ROLLS FOR THE TRIP.

GOOD.

YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND.

WRITE ME WHEN YOU GET TO *MARS*.

MARCELLA IS ON MARS. I'M STAYING *HERE* FOR A WHILE.

EMMET? MARCELLA WOULD HAVE *WANTED* IT THIS WAY.

NOT REALLY. SHE WOULD HAVE WANTED TO BE *ALIVE*.

I hate it.

I hate it.

Nope, this is not the way I'm gonna decorate the world. Grandma could do this. I can't.

I look like a Goddamn BUNNY.

The contacts hurt. The eyelashes tickle.

I feel like a stranger. A total stranger.

☆SIGH☆ I guess the world is stuck with the same ol' Sarah.

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I THINK OF IT AS A SHIP OF WONDERS.

THE INSIDE FEELS STRANGE BUT FRIENDLY.

49ERS RULE

DALLAS SUCKS

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

SAM ♥ KELLEY

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